

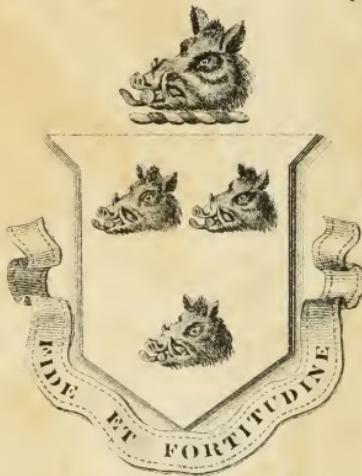
XG  
3974  
.45

23  
36  
Accessions  
149,636

Shelf No.

XG.3974.45

Barton Library.



Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.

1012 Royal George St.  
£ 2.16.0  
105 Water St.  
£ 1.11.6.

Land & L.

N.A. in the fore Cast. of the Br. Inn.  
In the <sup>8<sup>th</sup></sup>



THE INNER-

Temple Masque.

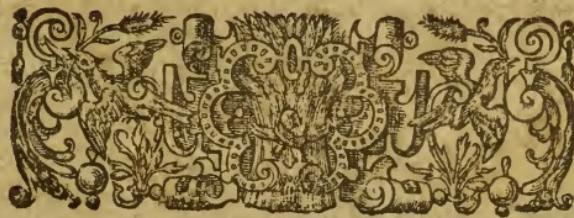
OR

MASQUE OF  
HEROES.

Presented (as an Entertainment for  
*many worthy LADIES:*)

By GENTLEMEN of the same  
*Ancient and Noble*  
HOVS E.

*Tho. Middleton.*



LONDON

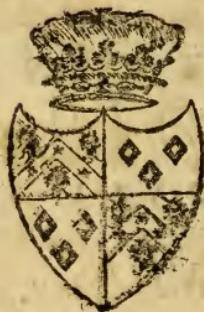
Printed for JOHN BROVNE, and are to be sold at his  
Shop in S. Dunstanes Church-yard in Fleetstreet.

1619.

XG  
3974  
145

144. 536.

May, 1873





## THE MASQUE.

---

**T**HIS, nothing owes to any Tale, or Storie,  
With which some Writer pieces up a Glorie;  
I onely made the Time, they sat to see,  
Serue for the Mirth it selfe; which was found free,  
And herein fortunste, (that's counted good)  
Being made for Ladies, Ladies understood.

T. M.

---



The Parts.

D. Almanacke.  
Plumporridge.  
A Fasting-day.  
New-yeere.  
Time.  
Harmonie.

The Speakers.

Ios. TAYLOR.  
W. ROVVEY.  
I. NEVTON.  
H. AT VVELL.  
W. CARPENTER,  
A BOY.

T W O A N T E M A S Q V E S.

In the first, sixe Dancers.

1. Candlemas Day.
2. Shrouetuesday.
3. Lent.
4. Id. May-day.
5. Midsommer Eue.
6. The first Dog-day.

The second A N T E M A S Q V E , presented by  
eight B O Y E S .

Good dayes—3.

Bad dayes—3.

Indifferent dayes—2.

The M A S Q V E it selfe, receiving it's Illustration  
from nine of the Gentlemen of the House.



# THE INNER-TEMPLE MASQUE.

Enter DOCTOR ALMANACKE comming from  
the funerall of December, or the old yeere.

I Haue seene the old yeere fairely buried,  
Good Gentleman he was, but toward his end  
Full of Diseases, he kept no good Diet,  
He Lou'd a wench in June, (which we count Vilde,  
And got the latter end of May with childe;  
That was his fault, and many an old yeere smels on't.  
How now? who's t'is? oh, one ath' Fasting-dayes  
That followed him to his graue;  
I know him by his gauntnes, his thin chitterlings,  
He would vndoe a Tripe-wife; Fasting-day!  
Why art so heauie?

Fast. Oh, sweete Doctor Almanacke,  
I haue lost a deare old Master, beside Sir,  
I haue beene out of seruice, all this Kersmas;  
No-body minds Fastingday, I haue scarce bin thought  
vpon a Fryday nights;  
And because Kersmas this yeere fell vpon't,

The Frydayes haue beeene euer since so proud  
They scorne my companie, the Butchers boyes  
At Temple-Barre, set their great Dogges vpon me,  
I dare not walke abroad, nor be seene yet,  
The very Poulters Girles throw rotten Egges at me,  
Nay Fishstreete loues me, e'en but frō teeth outward,  
(The neerest Kin I haue) lookes shye vpon me,  
As ift ad forgot me, I met *Plumporridge* now,  
My big-swolne Enemie, hee's plumpe and lustie,  
The onely man in place, sweete Master *Doctor*,  
Preferre me to the *New-Yeere*, you can doo't.

*Doct.* When can I doo't sir? you must stay til Lent.

*Fast.* Till Lent, you kil my heart, sweet M.*Doctor*,  
Thrust me into *Candlemas Eue*, I doe beseech you.

*Doct.* Away, *Candlemas Eue* will neuer beare  
thee i' these dayes, 'tis so frampole, the Puritanes will  
neuer yeeld to't.                              Enter *Plumporridge*.

*Fast.* Why thare fat enough.

*Doct.* Here comes *Plumporridge*.

*Fast.* I, hee's sure of wel-come; methinkes hee  
moues like one of the great Porridge Tubs, going to  
the Counter.

*Plum.* Oh killing cruel sight, yonder's a *Fastingday*:  
A leane spinie Rascall with a Dogge in's belly, his  
very Bowels barke with hunger; auaunt, thy Breath  
stinkes, I doe not loue to meeete thee fasting, thou art  
nothing but wind, thy Stomack's full of Farts, as if  
they had lost their way, and thou made with the  
wrong end vpward, like a Dutch Mawe, that dischar-  
ges still into th' Mouth!

*Fast.* Why thiou whorson Breakefast, Dinner,  
Nun-

Nuntions, Supper and Beuer , Celler, Hall, Kitchin,  
and Wet-larder.

*Plum.* Sweete Master Doctor, looke quickly vpon  
his Water, that I may breake the Vrinall about his  
pate.

*Doct.* Nay friendship, friendship.

*Plum.* Neuer Master Doctor , with any Fasting day,  
perswade me not.

Nor any thing belongs to Ember-weeke.

And if I take against a thing, I'me stomackfull,  
I was borne an Anabaptist, a fell foe,  
To fish and Fridayes, Pig's my absolute Sweetheart.  
And shall I wrong my Loue , and cleave to Saltfish !  
Commit adulterie with an Egge and Butter ? (sir ?

*Doct.* Well setting this apart, whose water's this

*Plum.* Oh, thereby hangs a tale, my M. Kersmasses.  
It is his water, sir, hee's drawing on.

*Doct.* Kersmas? why let me see,  
I saw him very lustie a Twelfe-night.

*Plum.* I, that's true, sir, but then he tooke his bane,  
With chusing King and Queene;  
Ha's made his Will already, here's the Copie.

*Doct.* And what ha's he giuen away, let mee see,  
*Plumbroth.*

*Plum.* He could not giue away much,sir, his chil-  
dren haue so consumed him before hand.

The last W I L L and T E S T A M E N T of  
K E R S M A S , Irreuuocable.

Read;

**I**N primis I giue and bequeath to my second Sonne  
**In**, and **In**; his perpetuall Lodging i' the King's  
bench, and his Ordinarie out of the Basket.

**Plum.** A sweete allowance for a second brother.

**Item,** I giue to my yongest Sonnes *Gleekē* and *Pri-*  
*muiste*, the full consuming of Nights and Dayes, and  
Wiues and Children, together with one secret gift,  
that is, neuer to giue ouer, while they haue a pennie.

**Plum.** And if e're they doe, Ile be hangd.

For the possession of all my Lands, Mannors,  
Mannor-houses, I leaue them full and wholly to  
my eldest Sonne, *Noddie*, whom during his mino-  
ritie, I commit to the custodie of a paire of Knaues  
and one and thirtie?

**Plum.** There's Knaues enow a conscience to coo-  
zen one Foole.

**Item,** I giue to my eldest Daughter, *Tickle mee*  
quickly, and to her sister my Ladies *Hole*, free leaue to  
shift for themselues, either in Court, City, or Country.

**Plum.** We thanke him heartily.

**Item,** I leaue to their old Aunt, *my Sow h'as Pigd*,  
a Litter of Curtizans to breede vp for Shroue-tide.

**Plum.** They wil be good ware in Lent, when flesh  
is forbid by Proclamation.

**Item,** I giue to my Nephew *Gambols*, commonly  
cald

cald by the name of *Kersmas Gambols*, all my *Cattle*,  
*Horse* and *Mare*, but let him shooe 'em himselfe.

*Plum.* I ha' seene him shooe the *Mare* fortie times  
ouer.

*Also,* I bequeath to my Coozen-Germane *Wassel-Bowle*, borne of Dutch Parents, the Priuiledge of a free *Denizen*, that is, to be drunke with *Scotch-Ale*, or *English-Beere*: and lastly, I haue giuen by word of mouth, to poore Blind man *Buffe*, a flap with a Foxe-tayle.

*Plam.* I, so h'as giuen 'em all for ought I see.  
But now what thinke you of his Water, sir?

*Doct.* Well he may linger out till *Candlemas*:  
But ne're recouer it.

*Fast.* Would he were gone once,  
I should be more respected.      *Enter New-yeere.*

*Doct.* Here's *New-yeere*?

*Plum.* I haue ne're a gift to giue him, Ile be gone.

*Doct.* Mirth & a healthful time fil all your dayes.  
Looke freshly, Sir.

*New-Y.* I cannot, Master *Doctor*.  
My fathers death sets the Spring backward i'me.  
For ioy and comfort yet, I'me now betweene  
Sorrow and ioy, the Winter and the Spring.  
And as Time gathers freshnesse in it's season,  
No doubt Affects will be subdued with reason.

*Doct.* Y'auē a braue mind to work on, vse my rules,  
And you shall cut a Caper in *Nouember*,  
When other yeeres your Grandfathers lay bedrid.

*New-Y.* What's he, that lookes so piteously, and  
shakes so?

*Fast.* A Fasting-day?

*New-Y.* How's that?

*Doct.* A foolish Fasting-day,

An vnseasonable cock scumb, seeks now for a seruice,  
Ha's hunted vp and downe, ha's beene at Court;  
And the Long-Porter broke his head a'crosse there,  
He had rather see the Deuill, for this he sayes;  
He ne're grew vp so tall with *Fasting-dayes*,  
I would not for the price of all my *Almanacks* ;  
The Guard had tooke him there, they would ha'beate  
out his braines with *Bombards*.

I bade him stay till *Lent*, and now he whimpers ;  
He would to *Rome* forsooth, that's his last refuge,  
But would trie awhile,  
How well he shold be vsde in *Lancashire*.

*New-Y.* He was my Fathers seruant,  
That he was, sir.

*Doct.* Tis here vpon Record?

*Fast.* I seru'd him honestly, and cost him little.

*Doct.* I, Ile besworne for that.

*Fast.* Those were the Times, sir,  
That made your Predecessors rich, and able  
To lay vp more for you, and since poore *Fasting-dies*  
Were not made reckoning on, the pamperd flesh  
H'as plaide the knaue, Maides haue had fuller bellies,  
Those meales that once were sau'd, haue stird, & lept,  
And begot Bastards, and they must be kept,  
Better keepe *Fasting-dayes*, your selfe may tell you,  
And for the profit of purse, backe and belly ?

*Doct.* I neuer yet heard Truth better whin'de out.

*New-Y.* Thou shalt not al be lost, nor for vainglorie  
Greedi-

Greedily welcom'd, wee'le begin with Vertue,  
As we may hold with't, that do's Vertue right.  
Set him downe, Sir, for *Candlemas Eue* at night.

*Fast.* Well, better late then never.

This is my comfort, I shall come to make  
All the Fat Rogues goe to bed supperlesse,  
Get dinners where they can.

*New-Y.* How now? what's he?

*Doct.* Tis old *Time*, Sir, that belongd  
To all your Predecessors.

*New-Y.* Oh I honour

That Reuerend Figure, may I euer thinke  
How precious thou'rt in youth, how rarely  
Redeemd in Age.

*Time* Obserue, you haue *Times* seruice.

There's all in briefe. *Enter the first Antemasque.*

*New-Y.* Hah? *Doctor?* What are these?

*Time* The Rabble that I pitie, these I haue seru'd  
But few or none haue euer obseru'd me, (too,  
Amongst this dissolute Route, *Candlemas day!*)  
I'me sorie to see him so ill assocciated?

*Doct.* Why that's his cause of cōplaine,  
Because *Sbrouetuesday* this yeere dwels so neere him.  
But ti's his place he cannot be remou'd.

You must be patient, *Candlemas*, and brooke it.  
This Rabble, Sir, *Sbrouetuesday*, hungrie *Lent*,  
*III May-day*, *Midsummer Eue*, and the first *Dogge-day*,  
Come to receiue their places due by custome,  
And that they build vpon.

*New-Y.* Giue 'em their charge, and then admit 'em.

*Doct.* I will doo't in Cone.

Stand forth *Shrouetuesday*, one'a the silenc'st Bricke-Layers,

Tis in your charge to pull downe Bawdyhouses,  
To set your Tribe awoke, cause spoyle in *Shorditch*,  
And makea Dangerous Leake there, deface Turnbull,  
And tickle Codpiece Rowe, ruine the Cockpit, the  
Poore Players ne're thriud in't, a my Cōscience some  
Queane pist vpon the first Bricke;

For you, leane Lent, be sure you vtter first  
Your rotten Herrings and keepe vp your best  
Till they be rotten, then ther's no deceit  
When they be all alike. You *Ill-Mayday*,  
Be as vnruyl a Rascall as you may,  
To stirre vp Deputy Double Diligence,  
That comes perking forth with Halberts:  
And for you *Midsomer Eve*, that watches warmest,  
Be but sufficiently drunke, and y'are well harnest,  
You *Dogday*!

*Dogd.* Woh.

*Doz.* A churlish maundring Rogue,  
You must both beg and rob, curse and colloque,  
In cooler Nights the Barne with Doxies fill,  
In Haruest lye in Haycock with your Ill.  
They haue all their charge.

*New.r.* You haue gin't at the wrong end,

*Doz.* To bid 'em sin's the way to make e'm mend,  
For what they are forbid, they run to head-long.  
I ha' cast their Inclinations, now your seruice,  
To draw fresh bloud into your Mrs. cheekes, slaues !

*The*

The first Dance, and first Ante-Masque,  
consisting of these six Rude ones.

Exeunt.

New-Y. What scornfull lookes the Abusive Vil-  
aines threw,

Vpon the reuerend forme and face of Time!  
Me thought it appear'd sorry, and went angry.

Doct. 'T is still your seruant.

New-Y. How now? what are these?

Doct. These are your Good Dayes, and your Bad  
Dayes, Sir,

Those your Indifferent dayes, nor good, nor bad.

New-Y. But is here all?

Doct. A wonder there's so many.

How these broke loose, euery one stops their passage,  
And makes inquiry after 'em.

This Farmer will not cast his seed ith' ground  
Before he looke in *Bretnor*, there he finds  
Some word which hee hugs happily, as, Ply the Box,  
Make Hay betimes, It falls into thy Mouth.

A punctuall Lady will not paint forsooth  
Vpon his Criticall dayes, twill not hold well,  
Nor a nice Citie-Wedlocke eat fresh Herring,  
Nor Perriwinkles;

Although she long for both, if the word be that day,  
Gape after Gudgins, or some fishing phrase.

A Scriueners Wife wil not intreat the Mony-master  
That lyes ith' house, and gets her Husbands children  
To furnish a poore Gentlemans Extremes,  
If she find, *Nihil* in a Bagge, that morning,

And

And so of thousand follies, these suffice  
To shew you Good, Bad, and Indifferent Dayes,  
And all haue their Inscriptions, here's, Cock a Hoop,  
This the Geere cottens, and this, Faint Heart, neuer-  
These, noted Blacke for Badnesse, Rods in pissee.  
This, Post for Puddings, this Put vp thy Pipes,  
These blacke and white indifferently inclining  
To both their natures, neither Full nor Fasting,  
In Dock, out Nettle, — Now to your motion,  
Blacke Knaues, and white Knaues, and you parcell  
Two hypocriticall party-colourd Varlets, (Rascals,  
That play o' both hands.

*Here the second Dance, and last Ante-  
Masque: Eight Boyes, habited accord-  
ing to their former Cha-  
racters.*

The three Good Dayes, attyred all in white Gar-  
ments, sitting close'to their bodies, their Inscriptions  
on their Brests.

On the first.

*Cocke a Hoope.*

On the second.

*The Geere Cottens.*

On

On the third.

*Faint Heart Never.*

The three Bad Dayes all in blacke Garments, their  
Faces blacke, and their Inscriptions.

On the first.

*Rods in Pisse.*

On the second.

*Pest for Puddings.*

On the third.

*Put up thy Pipes.*

*The Indifferent Dayes.*

In Garments halfe white, halfe blacke, their Faces  
seam'd with that party Colour, and their Inscriptions.

The first.

*Neither full nor Fasting.*

The second.

*In Docke, out Nettle.*

C

These

These hauing purchasde a Smile from the Cheekeſ  
of many a Beautie, by their Ridiculous Figures, va-  
niſh, proud of that Treasure.

*Douſt.* I ſee theſe pleaſures of low Births and Na-  
tureſ,

Adde little freshneſſe to your cheekeſ, I pittie you,  
And can no longer now conceale from you,  
Your happy *Omen*, Sir, Bleſſings draw neere you,  
I will diſclose a Secret in *Aſtrologie*,  
By the ſweet Industry of *Harmonie*,  
Your white and glorious friend;  
Eu'n very Deities haue conſpir'd, to grace  
Your faire Inauguration, here I find it,  
Tis cleere in Art,  
The minute, nay, the point of Time's ariu'd,  
Me thinkes the bleſſings touch you, now they're felt,  
Sir.

*At which loud Musickē heard the firſt Cloud  
vanishing, Harmony is diſcouered  
with her ſacred Quire.*

The firſt Song.

*Har.* **N**ew-yeere, New-yeere! harke, harken to me,  
I am ſent downe  
To crowne  
Thy wiſhes, with me,  
Thy faire deſires in Vertues Court are fulde,  
The goodneſſe of thy thought,  
This bleſſed worke hath wrought,

Time

Time shall be reconcilde:

Thy Spring shall in all sweets abound,  
Thy Sommer shall be cleere and sound,  
Thy Autumne swell the Barne and Loft,  
With Corne and fruits, ripe, sweet and soft,  
And in thy Winter, when all goe,  
Thou shalt depart as white as Snow.

Then a second Cloud vanishing, the Masquers them-selues discouered, sitting in Arches of Clouds, being nine in Number, Heroes Deified for their Vertues.

The Song goes on.

Behold, behold, harke, harken to me,  
Glories come downe,  
To crowne  
Thy wishes, with me,  
Bright Heroes in lasting Honour spher'd  
Vertues eternall Spring,  
(By making Time their King.)

See, they're beyond Time reard.  
Yet in their loue to humane good,  
In which estate themselves once stood,  
They all descend to haue their worth  
Shine, to Imitation, forth:  
And by their Motion, Light and Loue,  
To Show how after Times should moue!

Then the Masquers descending, set to their first Dance.

## The second Song.

Har. **M**oue on, Moue on, be still the same,  
You Beauteous Sonnes of Brightnesse,  
You adde to Honour Spirit and Flame,  
To Virtue, Grace, and Whitenesse;  
You, whose euery little motion  
May learne Strictnesse more Devotion,  
Every Pace, of that high worth,  
It treads a faire Example forth;  
Quickenes a Virtue, makes a Storie,  
To your owne Heroick Glorie,  
May your three times thrice Blest Number  
Rayse Merit from his Ancient S'umber;  
*Moue on, Moue on, &c.*

Then they order themselues for their se-  
cond Dance, after which,

## The third Song.

**S**ee, whether Fate hath lead you, (Lamps of Honour)  
(For Goodnesse brings her owne reward upon her)  
Looke, turne your Eyes, & then conclude, commanding,  
And say, you haue lost no Worth by your Descending,  
Behold a Heaven about you, Spheres more plentie,  
There, for one Luna, here shines Ten,  
And for one Venus, Twentie;  
Then Heroes, double both your Fame and Light,  
Each chuse his Starre, and full adorn the Nighs.

At

At which, the Masquers make choice  
of their Ladyes, and  
Dance.

Time, thus closing all.

Time. *The Morning gray,*  
*Bids, come away,*  
*Euery Lady shoud begin*  
*To take her Chamber, for the Stars are in :*

Then making his honour to the Ladies.

*Liue Long the Miracles of Times and Yeeres,*  
*Till with those Heroes, You sit fixt in Spheres.*

---

F I N I S.

---







ref 5/23/39

